

5 February 1972

Hoosier Archives was originally a periodic listing of the Diplomacy archives of Walter Buchanan, R.R. #3, Lebanon, Indiana 46052, telephone (317) 482-2824; Archives Director, N3FGPDD and a member of IDA, IWDS and the PDRC. It is now primarily a Diplomacy gazette devoted to articles on good play, demonstration games such as The Grudge Game (1971EG) now in progress, rating systems, and game news. Information from the archives is vital for all this and is available to the public as well. Although the archives is virtually complete in at least kerck form, except for Ruritania and the IASPS zines, missing undamaged originals are solicited, either for purchase or a loan to permit reworking. (See the last quarterly archives listing in Hoosier Archives #53 for zines needed.) Many original spurs are now available from the archives and more are solicited so as to make them available to others. A subscription to Hoosier Archives is 15/\$2.00 (or 7/\$1.50); back issues are available for a stamp apiece. Ask for issue #55 to get a list of all articles through #58. This is Albatross Press publication #61.

### INTO THE ARCHIVES NO. 22

Since the press releases for Fall 1971 for The Grudge Game are printed herein, this seems like an especially appropriate time to give everyone a good example and lesson on how to write press releases. The author of this article should certainly know how. Conrad van Houtke is one of the most experienced and well-known press release writers in the business. I wonder what Conrad could say in two sentences?!

#### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR! STOP THAT PUIN

or, It's Not So Much Whether You Win or Lose, It's How Much You Write That Counts  
by Conrad van Houtke

There is a long-enchanted school of philosophic Diplomacy thought abiding within our midst of which the present signatory is perhaps the prime and most noteworthy example (blush!), that states that the only positive good which can obtain from the play of this undeservably popular and overly sedate diversion comes from the simple act of writing as many words and lines of idiotic press releases, propaganda declarations, treaties, infantile and/or filthy poems, miserable puns, horrendous unending metaphors, literary misallusions, and all-around nonsense as it is possible to surfeit the greenmaster into printing at any given point in the course of any given game, which art has been highly developed for years by a large number of dreadfully foolish persons whose whole attitude toward this game is unquestionably appealing to the 'sacred initiators' of the game such as Phillips and Bricks, and perhaps equally devastating to the warring-lust arguments such as Von Ploeg and Rechner, who perhaps choose to parrot the 'propaganda school' theories in a somewhat different and much less complimentary way, notwithstanding the fact that many of the acolytes and seasoned veterans of both of the other playing-type groupings do themselves only a frequent and altogether too lengthy romp in the rhetorical appendages of Indian-Nation, as witness, to cite merely a single article example, the pathetic metaphors and naturalist studies of Mr. Von Ploeg, whose legal flouting gives him the almost unique ability to state an extremely erudite and somewhat quaintly in learned terms closely approaching the demerol, although most people don't notice the didactic because they are too busy giggling with glee at the adventures of George of the Hypocritical, Father of Frenchman and Roman Rex Bureaucracy in innumerable (and uncountable) games carried in such diverse magazines as BRILLIANTNESS, COSTA-GUANA, DIPLOMANTA, DER SCHWINDIGKEIT LES BRISLEN UND VORWISSTEN GEHORES, and - presumably - FIATIPUS etc., to name a mere handful of newsletters that allow such persons as Von Ploeg, Walker, Boney, and the rest and so to indulge their personal whims by simply subducing by and all kinds of words of freedom, strategy, strategy, and good taste to those of length, volume, volume, richness of expression, and so on for the propagation of whatever nonsense hell seems to happen to come at the time, devoid, unending of language, broken, broken, affected condition, and - quite probably the most important element of all this angling

list of criteria - sheer overwhelming of any opposition through the easy and obvious expedient of wadding them so far down with reams of verbiage that they are utterly unable to move, thus ruining their game and giving us the walkaway victory we want in a game we could not otherwise hope to even make a dent in, although it is presumed that if we chose to emphasize one or another of the alternative approaches - as do such as Walker and Ver Ploeg at times - we could in fact manage a strong degree of success merely by virtue of our long experience, intimate understanding of the inner mechanisms of the game in all its varied facets, and dogged tenacity which gives us the priceless gift of being able to gleefully trample all over hapless opponents in times of plenty, and cheerfully kick the bad guys in the groin with our feet in times of mild adversity, and even - for lo! this does occasionally occur - accomplish the impossible win by such wholly admirable expedients as cheating, lying, talking, slandering, and defaming, although of course we seldom need to resort to such last-ditch efforts due to our almost unbelievable ability to write so much crap that the opposition folds up and dies rather than read the stuff any longer than is absolutely necessary in order to look good in the eyes of their peers, who more often than not have themselves been subjected to the verbal damage so often that they are in complete sympathy with the peer from who cannot hope to understand the pristine logic and cool, controlled method whereby some players have arrived at the conclusion that ability to play the game is a totally valueless and worthless skill when compared to the art of creating ingenious and humorous propaganda with a frequency and to an extent that would shake the very foundations of many a highly civilized society and bring a lesser realm to its knees in quivering, palpitating revelation at the audacity of such creatures who obviously don't know a fun game of straight-faced ponderous austerity when they see one, despite what the rules say and what countless hundreds of past and present exponents of the game have shown to be true in game after game in the modern Age of Callahan, and so they throw up their hands (and perhaps their lunches) and lose while we stone them to sultherous and win.

One of the best devices of the prize-winning writer is the invariable sentence,

THE GRUDGE GAME (1971)

Winter 1991

BIRSAN CIVIL, CHALLENGES SHATRE AS EUROPE'S LARGEST POWER.

AUSTRIA: Laidos A and, A Use  
(Laidos)

ENGLAND:        Builds F Ion  
(Greenish)

FRANCE: builds F Bro, F Man, A Par  
(Slacken)

GERMAN: Helmut F. He, A. He  
(Ker)

THAT:           Edwards E Map  
(Witness)

RUSSIA: Builds F SP(40), A Sec  
(Sarghe)

TUNNEY: Builds A Con  
(Trotter)

Spring 1992 CoVans are due again before April 15th (9:00 A.M. the phone calls) on Saturday, April 13, 1992. Contact 603-888-1111 for more information. For help, call 603-888-1111.

Phone: 603-888-1111. Address: 7908 Apple Road, Apt. 1055, Dallas, Texas 75240  
(1-214-200-9800 1-1111 10:00 P.M.) All company references: Please p. 10 or 11 for 1-1111, please  
leave them.

# POSITIONS BEFORE SPRING 1902

AUSTRIA: A Vie, A Bud, A Tri, A Sor, F Gre  
 ENGLAND: F Nwg, A Nwy, F Lon, F Nth  
 FRANCE: F Bre, A Par, A Bel, F Por, A Spa, F Mar  
 GERMANY: F Ska, A Den, A Hol, F Kie, A Non  
 ITALY: A Tyr, F Nap, A Tan, F Ion  
 RUSSIA: F Swe, A Fin, F Stp(ne), A Ukr, F Rum, A Sev  
 TURKEY: A Bul, F Bla, A Con, A Arn

## REGREDDINGS (Fall/Winter 1901)

TRIESIE (4 July 1901): Count Leo LaCapecke, eldest son of Pope Leo XIII, spoke to a small crowd of the devout outside of Saint John's Cathedral. "This Harlot, who has claimed both the throne of my Papa, and the chancellery office in Rome, must be put down! This Blasphemy of the faith, this malicious maiden of the devil, must be removed! Her self-crowning, beatification ceremony and binge party was had enough, but performing it in a leather toga? Now really!"

ROME (16 June 1901): Her Holiness, Joan III, Pope and Queen of Italy, today thoroughly castigated the "inept, bumbling, ludicrous" Austrians for their "base, cowardly, evil, nasty, brutish, and short attack on Italia Irredenta." Continued Her Holiness, "Everyone knows that Trieste, Fiume, and then places are Italian cities!" Pope Joan then continued to flume, flume, flume, and flume! And to rant and rave, too. She vowed eternal, unrelenting, and bloody war against "the effeminate and inept pasty-gorgers of Vienna." Her eyes fairly snapping with rage, Her Holiness screamed at an audience of thousands standing before the Basilica of St. Charles's Sunday (commonly the Basilica of St. Peter) for more than an hour. At the end of this time, She led the masses to the Cathedral of St. Cassius and held a mass for the Repose of Austrian Souls in Hell and the Sinner the better.

ROME (17 June 1901): Prince Karlheinz von Gern, the Austrian Ambassador was today declared persona non grata by Her Holiness, who thereupon ordered him hauled into a vat of boiling Uniminent cheese, generously laced with onions and garlic. After cooking in that delightful mixture for a couple of hours, von Gern was taken out, covered with skunk hair, and ridden out of the capital, and out of the country, tied to the underside of a very sick camel. It could not be determined whether it would be more fun to tie him under the tail or under the head--the camel was equally sick at each end--so it was decided to alternate positions every few hours. No doubt the Austrians still want him--so long as he stands upright.

ROME (19 June 1901): Her Holiness today had a private interview with the Notre Dame Rowing Team, and they apparently taught Her some of the finer arts of rowing. Or at least we surmise, because those who were nearby the Papal Audience Chamber could hear the coxswain shouting, "Strokel Strokel Strokel Strokel!" with intermittent changes of pace, such as, "Strokelstrokelstrokelstrokelstrokel!" Well, of course, Her Holiness is interested in all sorts of sporting events, and She is in splendid physical condition, as witness the fact that the Notre Dame boys seemed all out of breath after the interview, but all Her Holiness said was, "Merit!"

LEAMER, HOLLAND (via Castaneda) (25 September 1901): King PandaBear...today granted an interview to reporters, curious about his reported exchange of letters with Queen Suzanne. "There's nothing to it," said His Majesty.... "We are not corresponding. Must be some other Panda..." (parts of this transmission were censored...)

SOLIMNIE IN THE ARGEAN SEA (26 September 1901): Queen Suzanne was indignant today when she heard of King PandaBear's behavior with reporters. "King PandaBear is so corresponding with me," She replied, "I have letters to prove it, even if he has to chop to use his stamming watermark with his bearded crown." Asked what she thought of the censored portions of King PandaBear's interview, Queen Suzanne replied, "He should have his mouth washed out with soap."

ST PETERSBURG (31 January 1901): The location of the Ministry of War to the successful

invasion of Norway is the topic of the day in this city. It is rumored that Vice-Admiral Hageg's Fourth Battle Division is preparing for a sortie into the Barents Sea and the Norwegian Sea. The six modern warships were last seen near Murmansk, so it is possible that they will be steaming out to sea to challenge the British Grand Fleet.

SOMEWHERE IN FINLAND (31 January 1902): Marshall Inshsky is continuing to prepare for the forthcoming spring offensive against the English forces occupying Norway. An endless stream of men and supplies are being moved to oppose the British advance upon Murmansk.

(Note: I should emphasize at this time that Black Propaganda is not allowed in this game. Also, the editor of Naarg-Oloid has censorship rights in the interest of decency and good taste. After all, she's the one who types it, boys!)

#### BROOKS RATING BY OBJECTIVELY OBTAINED KUDOS SYSTEM

And now Hoseler Archives introduces the fabulous Brooks Rating by Objectively Obtained Kudos System to the unsuspecting Diplomatic world! As an added bonus and unlike lesser rating systems, this one gives the carefully thought out reasons behind the rating. When done, this system will give a unique number that, when utilizing the proper conversion factor, can be added to figures guessed at by other rating systems to bring them closer in line with reality. These ratings have been computed on the Tri-State College IBM 1130 computer for increased accuracy.

Red Walker	1.0762	(he publishes my stuff)
Buddy Theback	-2.0551	(I remember SCG)
John Saythe	-1.6392	(he has too many points in other rating systems)
Edi Bixson	0.0000	(I don't want people comparing me to John Beshara)
Lon Lakofka	-2.4971	(he does compare me with John Beshara)
Gene Pressnitz	-1.9002	(he picks on poor Fere Weber)
Jeff Key	-0.2986	(just on general principles)

#### VISIT TO THE ARCHIVES NO. 4

Larry Poerly and a friend of his, Tony Deppel, pulled a whirlwind surprise on us last night, even though we had been expecting them within this general time frame. Naturally, it would be the night when it was 5 degrees below and I was an hour delayed getting home from work and law school. Damn Tony and gas like diesel up. (Can't figure out why you'd want to kidnap that 9-year old of Mike Bush's anyway, when I got home at 9 P.M., Larry and Tony had been there since 5 and we could only persuade them to stay two hours longer since they had left the car parked in the middle of the road (our path) because they were desperately afraid of getting stuck in the snow which barely covered the ground. (They had already worn out a set of chains coming here from D.C.--we suspect they were using them on roads with only 1/8" of snow). Larry had been in D.C. for 2 weeks raiding the Pentagon and State Departments of files for his "off-beat-but-busy" Wargames and they wanted to get back to San Diego by Sunday night. Good luck, boys.

We did manage to earn something into the two hours, however. We attempted to firm up some plans for the MarOrg and a meeting will hopefully go out on this soon, after several interested parties have had a chance to comment. And of course, a tour of the archives was made by all. ((I didn't take the grand tour--I've seen it all before. C.--))

#### DIPCON V

DIPCON V will take place in Chicago on July 22-23, 1972. It will be held in the Sheraton Hotel, one of Chicago's finest downtown hotels. Due to a cancellation disavowed caused by AFM, \$50.00 doubles will go for a total of \$25,000. The highlight of the convention will be a banquet held on Sunday evening (the 23rd), featuring Allen B. Calhoun as the main speaker. For more details, write: Lon Lakofka, 1806 N. Richmond, Chicago, IL 60647.

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